1871

Vol. LL. H. PETERSON & CO., ]---

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY. DECEMBER 16, 1871.

TERMS ! THE TELESTICAL STATE !

INDIAMA.

WHITTHE FOR THE SATURDAY SYMBOL POST.

- And bright of the post of the party of the p
- Piret thirteen fermin' chantened light.
  Moreo from its front, Welle all benide.
  Was lead a gold some of gold.

- And Indiana stood undinand
  Amid the brightest of her poors.

  Amid the brightest of her poors.

  Applets I. c. SURI

Skale the Scout;

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

BY BURE THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOM REACKES THE POST.

Unharmed by the bullets and tomahawks of the savages, owither than the fleetest of his pursuiss, whooping dofiance to them as he left them behind, away want Tom Williams, possing far in the rear of the British batteries, and then turning and approaching the Mannes.

"Ho! ya painted dogs!" he shouted, when he felt himself once more out of the grasp of his fees. "Ho! ye bloody thieves! ye sarved that greenhorn-regiment yer old ocwardly way—but the hull o' ye can't come it over from Williams. Boil my hones! but I thought ye war goin to fetch me, sare, that time, I a'psee yer danglin' Hirsm's scalp—come one of ye—now, though I allers thought he war a good feller, though a leetle spitet with larain'. And the gai! what'll become o' her I wunders—seeh a pineky, pretty creatur! Bweeder nor any ross-bush,

Thus, as he glided along, the secusi gaves a present to the thoughts that filled humind. But he did not for one secuent for got that, though, his enemies had failed it sing him, he was far from nately still. Nutil the fort was entered, dared he cognition to the control of the humanit failed it was the security of the control of the humanit failed by the air north as beautiful day; the air north as belany, and the woods filled with the fregrance of early flowers and starting bud Under the shadowy pines that, winter as remance, were their changeless green, as through the thickness, which though not yfull-leafed, afforded a welcome seroon, hashessed, hearing every sound and ready flowers of entitled to the first part of the f

Little did the bever retory tend, as no viewed with some interest this spot, how much within an hour—nay, within a notch lose period of time—his life would depend upon this peculiar formation of nature. For so it is; walking biledly through this vale of life, thinking we are unfo when most in partl, falling when we expect most confidently to stend, we know not what are our managements or our dangers, till they one revealed to un in some great and theiling moment that beings to un salvation, or decirantion.

to enforty was necessarile parvising channs before him. The loop might be death, but that would be his portion were he to refrain from tatting it.

Mot a moment one to be look. The envegenfeeding that he entild not compe them, around recolved to take him alive, and they more almost upon him. He drew hack a few feet to and beautry for the spaing, and then beauth out from the hedge on which he steed, with the full effect of every nerve and measure. Elis foot eligned, he did not reach the organite verge—it is doubtful if he sould have done no with every dremminance favorable but he streak near its partices and essesdown upon the narrow handing or shelf already measured; catching the vines and brunkes in time to save kinned fapon a bush

Due he was not yet for a monument and a near conty institutements assists would serve him. This he had antifeliate passence of using to know, and oringing himself around the sharp, projecting under of the rook, he had barely lime to give into the narrow againing leading to the cover, when three or four data were first by he assistant her to the paster, but had fastening against the older of the rook, and dropping life rade pisses of one look of the post, and tropping life rade pisses of one four beauty of the post, and tropping life rade pisses of one look of the post, and tropping life rade pisses of one holder.

\*Hold my houses?\* oried Tom with one.

"Boll my beneal" cried Tem with considerable indignation; "but ye make a chapmore lively. Take that for yer heavyin' me.

"He brought his rifle to his shoulder, and siming quickly at the forement of the yelling and disappointed group, he first. Fullowing the report came the sound of a pinuging body, cirking the water below, and Tom knew he had one enemy less to fight. With infuriated whoops and cries, the savages poured a whole valley of bullets into the south of the cavera; but drawing back, the south heard with complicency the harmless cirking of the less against the rock.

"Throw in some more!" he shouted, transtingly. "It's a lively sound, and don't do no damage. Whoop, whoop, hurseh!" Maddened by his tennts, which the seventh have ween accept to every cooker-delication in listened to the furious patter of the balls. He reloaded his own rife, and then

reflected aloud on the situation.

"Wal, this har's gettin' to Fort Meige fact, arn't if? Bun into sech a hole as this, when I was countin' big on takin' supper with the Gineral. Ther's no chance o' leavin' at the rear o' this place, and p'raps it's wall ther ain's, fur of I could get out they could get in. I'll hav to wait a weak or so, I 'spoon, livin' on my leggins' (and they're nigh about gone a 'ready), and then clamber down and mebbe drown. Wal, it's better nor hein'

Continuely moving toward the entrance, the borderer wishing to assortain if his meaning were still watching in front, made one of a very simple strateges to determine if they were still there. Taking off his cap, he pushed it gently forward on the point of his nament, as if he were peoping out. The quick discharge of two or three rifles was sufficient assurance that the Indians were still shout.

"Wal, wal," he said, "I see thar's nothin' to do but to wait and watch. They may get tired of this at last and try to push things livelier. Bull my house? but I wished this hole freed the river. I'd jump into the water right after their even and were for the

Darkness was now coming on, and fuaring an attack, the heave fallow hopt a close watch than before. The result proved he was more too vigilant, for thinking he de tooled a slight sound, as if of centious foot stops on the ledge, he listened more in tunity, and because assured that one or more of his foce had in some manner descended to the indian at the convent front.

"That ar is rayther bold," thought Tum, unless ye thinks some of yer glanois' balls as struck me. You'd better make sure o' hat afore comin' in."

thought he observed in the twilight a rope dangling in freat of the entrance, secured no doubt shows. He brought his rifle to his shoulder. Presently the form of a huge labeline was to be seen descending; and taking stops of in the borderer fixed. The environment his hold on the rope, and with a yall of agony dropped tate the stream below. "Then?" orded Tous, with the utmoor and infaction; "of lead will sink ye, ye get some infaction; "of lead will sink ye, ye get some

Quickly succeeding the report of his rifname other shots, apparently not fired by the Indiana, for these now give a series of versing whoops and torribed yells, indining that they themselves had been at solved.

"Hurrsh!" showted the sount, delighted at the prespect of release. "Hurrsh! I say, and when the red inpe are driv hemssome this vay and cell on Tom Williams!" But it is to be found that the relieving party, wheever they might be, had not granned the place of the burderse's concealment, for the shoute of the pursuent and the conscious making of a rife grow fainter, and though in the clience that at last followed. Tou waited for the return of the whiten, they some not. He shouted; fired his rife; but

"Wel, that beain me out!" he exclaimed.
They must he' thought the bruses had so already, or eite they dish't know nothin' of me in the first place. Bull my beaus! but this har's aggrevatin'. Howeverever I'll help myself of ther's the mails o' a chance to go out. Ther's that repe a-dangling still, and it may be that ther's a way up by it. Powerful thishish though, and I'm no unifor. Only a Morris, poor feller, of he age't sank-od yet, wouldn't sak more to lang by; but than he could dish a countern.

Slinging his ride to his book, and then carerilly breing the strongth of the rape, which was of twisted describe, he satisfied bisself of its trustmerthines, and commenced the perform access. His life new degended upon the fatmens with which the yells rape hald. Were it to give very he would made



TOM WILLIAMS MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP.

below. But it did not part, and the edwest turcus man, anfoly through associac of the many posite that throughed his path, reaches the top of the overhenging cliff. There he noted that the rope was firmly fasteness mostly that the rope was firmly fasteness around a vigorous saping that grow on the verge of the birdl, and had been, most for tunnetely for him, left with one and daughing in front of his too-neouve retreat. That the sadden appearance of an enemy had consecute management to leave it thus, he did not doubt. Thankful for his delivenmen, and delaw mined if passible to reach the fort are morning, he set out without a measure is not for the river. This he reached meant's rost for the river. This he reached meant's he desired and so the reached meant's rost for the river. The new reached meant of the river is not reached and comment in any continuing passing the place. Tom know he must be very sorred in acquainting the pickets with his presence, or he would be fired at without much healtstice. Centiously except, he avverable below the continuity of the meant is work which he candeavored to make an interest the place of the delaw altered and higher against any and the river of the count address of a friend for the dreaded war-whoop.

n rise, or the celm address of a friend for the drueded war-whose the instant challenge in response to the horderer's call, "Me, you feel!" oried Tunn. "Now, don't you fire and kill me for an injun. I'm in from a second—it's been a long one, "he mattened, "and I want to go straight to the fort."

fort. "The relief will be around presently," and the relief, "and then you can go in. They welled a few minutes, and then the pasts approximate, and Tons went rejoicingly in terraril the senter of the works. "Any near?" added the men who were "and the sent who were the

"Better think so," was the reply. Tom delighted to terrify the volunteers, many of whom were of course inexperienced and cradulous. "Prostor is in the weeks with ion thousand red-coats, just arriv, and the fart's to be stormed to-morror. Fact! the blood they insted yesterday has set 'em wild. The Injune ceat all they killed, and they're hungry far more."

the Gineral know is?"
"Two come to tall him," said the acout.
But instead of "talling him," Tom, being delivered to the companionship of several of his fellow rangers, dried his clothes by their campulars, and then fell asleep, to be avalanced near merning by the rough hand of delighted old filmon Brace, who had

"Boil my bones!" was Tom's exclamatory seeting. "Ef that sin's old Simon! Glad see ye, my boy. Thought ye seelged long po. Rany o' the others in? The Cunnel? a darter? the Major? and—and—" He me near saking for Rilly, concerning whom, ough he checked his inquiry, he was really out saxions.

"The Cunnel's in," answered Bisson;
but the Major and Lasbel—Lord help 'an:
-arn't with us. Scott Wismer and Job
Barnsley hev saved their har; and the gal,
filly, she's safe."
The acout's rough features became radiant
rith delight at this announcement. Milly

The secut's rough features became radiant;
ith delight at this announcement. Milly
afe! How his heart beat! It had not been
nore joyunaly excited for the forty years he
ad carried it. Tom wondered if Milly would
a half so glad to see him.
"What's become o' Hiram?" asked the old

nighty tight place. I'm afcord Hiram har red his lest shot," answered Tom, very odly.

"That's bad," said Simon. "He war or ree one, and death on the Injune, Let us and the Gunnel. He'll be gled to see you. They arose and proceeded to the quarters where Colonel Westburn was neually to be found when not ongaged in the defence. He was there, and greeted Tom with such genuine delight that the heave follow conceived a strongar attachment, if possible, for the officer than he had felt before. Having a rather uncomplimentary opinion in general of the regular troops, both men and officers, when he made an exception, as he cometimes did, as in Colonel Westburn's case, his admiration was sure to be unqualifiedly

"Ho news of my daughter?" asked the stater, hopelessly.
"I'd give my sealp, Cunnel, fur that gal," aid Tom, evading a direct reply, "and im to be counted one of the pariy that goes o bring her out o' the enemy's eamp. I war hopin that she mought hev got in with ye hat night, Hiram, and ase left, but I'm sad to mow it sin't so. She's alive yet, no doubt, ar even the wast brute o' the Injune rouldn't harm her so far as killin goes."
"I know.—I know," returned the Colonel. But you are aware there are worse things han death. There are in that army wieked seen who would take advantage of her helposeness to insuit and persecute her. Oh, or child! were you only safe or dead!"
"Wa'ns all presented Council ex radical."

"We've all promised, Cunnel, as ye don't justed to be reminded," and Williams, "that ye'd help one another out o' these troubles hat commenced with our shipwreck; and yens if we hadn't promised it would be the same; while than's one left not accounted far the others won't rest easy. That's me it least; and filmon Prese, nigh shawed and shopped up as he is, will say the same o' simmelf. Arn't that the talk, filmon Presented.

"That than's the langwage," responded

the old borderer, heartily.

"I know how willingly you would aid the unfortunate, my brave fellows, and I than you for your good will. Harden the hon when we can go to the respect of our less friends. Give me an account of your all

at I was adversed you wouldn't back at an all to like on.

"You are not more than things from Ton.

" In fairly, Milly. Will you have me affect.

of some preconstant animates a happy period. Trons, forgetting all damper in his develope to his eventhears, was full of anxioties to be others. Proposer's demand had been \$\overline{\text{c}}\) the others. Proposer's demand had been \$\overline{\text{c}}\) the unsociditional energender of the face for the proposer of the demand of the proposer of the demand of the proposer of the

Ye will in advance of any of these values of the values of t

CHAPTER XIX

makin is passes—were work and appeted meeting with leakel, was considered to be consupposed. As we have add to be consupposed and almost the convention of the considered meeting with the consupposed and almost a leakel to be consupposed and the leakel to be consupposed to the consuppose

"I must look to White Welf for protection," reflected the princess. "He assess threated toward me, I have us they, and y interest in him is commentary. He pared my life to be sure, but that is not all the more than gratitude that inclines me is in favor. I hate an Indian, but this chies as nothing of the real aways about him fe promised to visit me in any place of our memors. I pray he full not be come—an effore Affred Carleton does. He will see

The test was reached—a small, three cided igs, having no other enument. It was rrounded with the tests of the British gulars, and was of course throughy guard. Mair it should a similar ladge, whether staining prisoners or not Stale could only

He throw himself were a pobe, which were the only article of standard at hand, and rested—but did not then though he was very weary. An industrial fit that had the work was a little of the but the work. Alfred Custom Alfred Customs;

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A REW SOVELLE.

A

## KATIE'S STRATAGEM.

Repeated of it, even though she learned that she was "leved by a tall, dark young man, who was at that moment not far distant, but who needed oncouragement from her to declare his love."

A FARCICAL SKETCH.

Wait on her, she is so kind and good, so petient and gentle. You must love her a good deal, Robert."

"Indeed I do, Jeany—Miss Carter, I mean."

LUTR PRIABEL

FINANCIANO CONTROL OF STATE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

FINANCIAN CONTROL OF STATE SATURDAY EVENIN

# PROSPECTUS FOR 187

mit sull-known literary weekly, Ten sunar Evazzue Puer, having just com-nd in half-a-century of existence, has re-ad to calcheste the event by

ENTERET BEUTRAL IN POLITICS

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of Tux Pour has therefore been

not and Chaspeal of the Family Papers ? off ecetain Novelets, Illustrated Sto-Shatchen, Postry, Answers to Corres-nts, etc., etc., by the

## ABLEST WRITERS

om he procured—including Mrs. Henry d, author of "Bast Lynne," Mrs. Mar-4 Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr mbugy, Ells Whooler, August Bell, Clie day, Captain Carnes, Lillie Deveroux "Rig," Mrs. Fanny H. Fendge, Mrs. S. Burks, Eben E. Heaford, etc.,

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eism frum a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a scalphor in a social circle, and discount him thus: "Er er so you are the man er that makes or mud heads." And this the artist's reply: "Er er, not all of 'em—I didn't make yours."

lists. We are hoping to get a good many duke of f/ly nulseribon for the emulag year—and if the clubs abould run up to one hondred to should not up to one rooch chapper then the other first-sians Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be sub-acribed for at once by thousands of new great degree, upon our present subscribers the to show Tex Poer to their friends and Set

## A LETTER FROM RIG.

(The following extract from a private let-ter from "Zig," will explain her absence from TEE POST better than we could in our own words:]

from The Powy better than we could in our own words:]

"Last evening, after I had gone to bed, your letter written Nov. 18, was brought to me. I should have acknowledged the receipt of it at once, if I'd got the letter.

"You supposed exactly right. I am sick again, just that. The day after I finished that article for you, I was taken down with this abominable ague again. I m sick and blue, bluer than city-washed clothes. Two weeks ago I stirred up all the little life there was in me, and came down here, where I have been being dectored. I think possibly the ague is broken new, though I deat know. I have not had a bouch of it for over a week. But I'm so weak and linap! you don't know. I have not had a bouch of it for over a week. But I'm so weak and linap! you don't know. I have not head a touch of it for over a week. But I'm so weak and linap! you don't know. I may that noal notice of me which you were so kind as to put in Tax Post, where you mentioned me as "the aprightly and spirited." My doar friend, that was the corriest bit of burlesque you have perpetraled for many a long day. It was surely rote sarkastically, as poor Arienus mid. Sprightly and spirited, forzooth! I'm the melancholiest, shabbiest, jong-facedest, spiritlessest, ghastitest, ghostilest, dullest, atupidest woman that breathes the dirty sir of burlesque woman that breathes the dirty sir of burlesque woman that breathes the dirty sir of burlesque of the summer. "I have not been able to write so much as a letter antil within a few days, though I did struggle desperately to write you an article this week. But it was no use. I went to bed and mourned like a whang-doodle.

"If he ague doosn't come back, I promise you, on the honor of a Bohemian, to commence my acrise of articles about the middle of December, dead or alive. I will do it next week, if passible, though I won't promise for certain, for fear I should get sick again. I thisk I have felt more like myself for a little while this morning than I ever did in my life before. So maybe I'm gett

## The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Dif-

A Western correspondent writes to us

DRAR Poer: There is one family in this neighborhood which can neither read nor write, and yet they subscribe for your valuble paper. They take the paper to the neighbors, and listen while it is being read. Do you not think that this shows that The Poer is the best literary paper published?

It certainly shows that some people find it very attractive. And we think the family referred to, if they go on in that way, will their better educated neighbors.

A London letter to the Philadelphia Bulle-tin says:—We went to Emanuel's. One of the firm was at Torquay with us, and he re-cognized us, and after some talk he asked us if we would like to see something nice, and he showed us all of Eugenie's jewels, now there "up the spout:" probably not all, but 430,000 worth. As he said, he could not take any more, as she wished to realize THESE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

PELLADELPHIA, SATURDAY. DEC. 16, 1871.

RENEW EARLY.

As we have a large number of anbescribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the present month as possible.

If everybody wats till the end of the month, a large number of names are sent in together, and it becomes impossible for our clerks to enter them as econ as they are received. This causes delay in mailing the paper, and sometimes errors, though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always at tilks a drop of water, and hung clerks a generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always at tilks a drop of water, and hung and sent control to the course impossible for our clerks to enter them as econ as they are received. This causes delay in mailing the paper, and sometimes errors, though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always at the cut like a drop of water, and hung but each cut like a drop of water, and hung but each cut like a drop of water, and hung paper, and sometimes errors: though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always are that it is the mistake of the subscriber, not theirs.

As we shall stop the paper hereafter, even more generally than heretofore, at the expension of all subscriptions excepting in the cause of a small class of old subscriber; in the cause of a small class of old subscriber.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE.

these who wish to avoid all danger of having a heask in their files of The Poyr, should remit early. We do not electrotype The Poyr, aloud remit early. We do not electrotype The Poyr, aloud remit early. We do not electrotype The Poyr, and now that the paper is so large and expensive, we shall not run the risk of wasting papers by printing many more than we absorbed but not stoot, superh arms, hands and foct small and perfectly formed. She had the finest carriage of any woman in France, carrying her bead with a majesty that instantly marked the soverings even in the midst of her court, yet without that majesty in any way detracting from the sewed-new and plonantiness of her aspect. It is very difficult to give an idea of so much seventees and nobleness combined. Her features were not regular. She then the mouth of the factors were not regular. She then the factors are seen any like it, any so exquisitely transparent. The last time I want to Equation I saw her in fall continue to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in The Labr's Prizzes, will, us think, give that magazine a production.

The last's Prizzes, (82.00) and The Poyr. Sayvendar Eventure Poyr.—Since the re-ferming as an table she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nympha.

Sayvendar Eventure Poyr.—Since the re-ferming as an table she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nympha.

DER LADY'S PRINTO (\$2.00) and TRE POST
(\$3.00) are must together for \$4.00 a year,
to making up dots for Ten Post, the Lady's
Printed can be induced at the came value.
The majorist is the magazine and the paper is
the majorist in the magazine and the paper is
the majorist in the magazine and the paper is
the paper of the set of car passions when
the habit of gotting up Cight for Ten
pages of the far. The great number of papers of the far.

## THE STORY OF A DAY.

But the gree full mean was the place of blood, With the hissing of shot and the clong of sic And the meet by dishted and stained in the we The 'the molder's comrades in value second Till they made the fremes reed.

When the night came down the curses were six And the soft down fell on the face of the dead But the acidier's song had changed to a messa, As faint and pale, where the nad moon above, Be lay with his blending boad. e meening again on the tents and the spears, but the soldier's voice is forever still; ere's a form that's missed from the cavallers, ere's a seect face bigroud with its bitter tears. There's a nameious grave on the bill

## GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY PASHIONS.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dasa Poer:—Among the items that have lately found their way into the newspapers, is one to the effect that at present there is an extraordinary admiration among ultra fashionables for whatever is antique, and that old shops, cobwebby and dark, are being ransacked for something that dates back and smells musty. The fancy, it is stated, takes the shape usually of old window-curtains, the yellower the better, and it is a fact that many of our leading-superjunce within these smells musty. The fancy, it is stated, takes the shape usually of old window-curtains, the yellower the better, and it is a fast that many of our leading emporiums exhibit these draperies in thread and guipure, and though one is strongly templed to think they have lately been purioined from some bachelor's smoking-room, they meet with ready sale, and find many admirers among those whose purses are not long enough to enable them to indulge in so choice a luxury. It seems an absurd fancy at first, but when one comes to reflect that there is a strange value attached to old pictures as well, and that where one is exposed to view, every commoisseur is expected to remove his hat and go through a series of exclamations, and shake his head in unfeigned sadness over the fact that to-day there are no Michael Angelos and Da Vincie; while you, or I, or anybody else unacquainted with high art, might look and study until they closed the shop, and we never should be able to discover a single beauty in the whole thing, it is not so wonderful that smoky old curtains should also be considered rich, and rare, and beautiful. There is a demand, too, for old china—no matter how quasint the design or how odd the shape if it can only be proved to be a century old it is valued far beyond anything manufactured at the present day, and there are instances cited where fabulous sums have been paid for portions of sets purporting to have beelonged to some of the pligtim mothers. If they could by any possibility get hold of the platter, or fruit-dish, or whatever it might have been, used by Eve and the serpent when partaking of the atolen apples, I suppose all the money in the Treasury department wouldn't buy it. And now that I think of it, what a pity it is that women can't be lace, or china, or pictures, or at least be like them, and increase in value as they grow old—what a horror would be taken from their lives. There is something terrible, to one who has been young and beautiful, in the approach of old age. I don't suppose she regrets th

TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

TO CHARGE THE RUBLECT.

Has any one observed that seemingly the one great idea that is pussling the brain of feminimity now-a-days is, how they can shape their garments to most resemble men?

shape their garments to most resemble men?

It is a fact—and you see the result of the study cropping out in short jackets with double vest fronts and lappels, in dainty pleated bosoms, scarf ties, and a thousand other eccentricities triffing in themselves, but each doing its "little possible" toward its general effect. The "elergymen's bands" though on the canonical style, have the same masculine look, but though affected by very genteel and dressy ladies, are neither pretty nor becoming. The fact of their being a new idea will keep them affort for a season, but they are destined to be short lived. A pretty novelty of lingerie, which name once

magnitus back, but though affected by very greater and order places, are nature press; the pressure of the pre

carrow silp of paper, on which they have caratched down not only every article they can think of, but the probable price, and being of the thrifty such, it is of course always much too low. But though somewhat tedious and eminently trying to weakly organizations, they are not so bed as the formale measurer, who with an invisible string reckons lengths from the point of her none to her outstretched thumb, or the "masticator," who insists upon chewing a corner to make were that it won't fade.

BOLDEN LOCKA,

for some ressent, are not as plenty on the promeands as they were last season. The fashion has in a great measure died out. Occasionally one sees the peculiar shade of blonds so popular at one time, but nearly every one not endowed by nature with fair treeses has given up the application of lime and lemon juice, and is cuntent to believe that black or brown heir is quite as becoming. The sudden demises of the chignen may have had an effect on the blonds mains, though exactly how I can scarcely see, unless it be that in covering the entire back of the head it was only required that the hair over the ferebead should be bleached and deadened, and even that little was sufficiently roublesoune to keep up to the proper tint. If this is the solution, the chignon must be credited with one merit, though certainly "nothing in life became it like the leaving it."

The trade in hair loses none of its brisk-

it."
The trade in hair loses none of its briskness, however, and it is even estimated that
the demand increases greatly. As false hair
is universally worn, no represent is supposed
to stach to whoever carries more or less;
on the contrary, it is stated that the obituary
of a fashionable lady, lately deceased, read:
"fike was a kind friend, a meek and humble
Christian, and the happy possessor of a
"switch forty inches in length." While
acred history presents a case where a good sacred history presents a case where a good wig would have been a blessing, for

"If Absolom badn't worn his own hair, He'd ne'er been found a hanging there."

That's pretty bad poetry, but it expresses what I mean exactly. OLIVE KING.

WHITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MABEL PERCY.

Old winter appears upon the hills, his huge white mantle trailing on the ground as his cold breath sweeps the valley. Russit-cloaked Autumn has disappeared in the south, and the tender sky no longer weeps at her departure, for the tears froze ere they fell as the grayness crept over her face, seeming to betoken approaching dissolution. But the frozen tears changed to dainty snow-fiskes, fashioned like the star that glistened on her forcheed, and anon, as she smiled, the snow-fiskes paused to marvel at her beauty.

When she sees Winter upon the hills she draws her cload-veil over her face, for she cannot yet look upon his ricide beard as upon his fairy messengers, the snow-fiskes.

The snow monarch blows a blast from his trumpet to summon his attendant—frost, who for weeks has been busy upon the earth. Frolesome froat hastens from over the hills and across little brooks, that he bridges as he leaps over thein, and skips along, climbing a tree as he goes to dress its bare, brown branches in a crystal garb.

But the wind shrieks impatiently, so he hurries on to join the snow and the seet and the wind and the tempest that protect Winter from the Spring and Autumn—that are ever seeking to wreat his scoptre from him.

The snow-fiske's mission is to cover the ground that Autumn left bare when she stripped off her livery, with a pure white covering, making the stones and knolls into beautiful curves and loading the evergreen trees with snowy burdens. Then the elect adds moisture, the wind dances over it till its is hard and smooth, and the frost aprinkles it with diamonds that glisten when the sun peeps out from behind his veil to smile in the face of Winter.

Ermine-clothed, icide-crowned Winter, we welcome thee:

"O, Winter! ruler of the laverted year, I love thee, all uniovely as thoe seem'st, And dressici as thou art."

"O, Winter! ruler of the inverted year, I love thee, all uniovely as thou seem'st, And dreaded as thou art,"

Looking back through the dim vista of the Past, how many memories thy name con-jures up! We recall to mind

Many we used to know Now sleeping 'neath the Winter's snow

Now skeeping heath the Winter's show, and many whose hearts were once filled with affection's warmth towards us now chill as thy frost, O Winter.

But Winter has a warm heart, notwithstanding his cold exterior, and he delights in the cheerful fire, where circled around are old and young, forgetful alike of the years that are past and of the years to come in the enjoyment of present blessings.

The Snow Monarch peers through the window and smites as he thinks how happy his long evenings and blazing fires make the home circle. Then he is off and away with all his rising train,

"Vapors, and clouds, and storms."

Breamy Bingham at your service, "said a pleasant voice, and soon the visitor was seated beside them engaged in adminated conversation.

She had come in by stage only the night previous, but her aunt had promised her a companion in Ziliah, and after having looked for her the whole morning, she had become for her he whole morning she had become for her hereif, "I hope you are not ceremonious, here," is headed. "I never took well in the city, this was not half proud enough for style, nor formal enough for education."

She had come in by stage only the night previous, but her aunt had promised her a companion in Ziliah, and after having looked for her the whole morning, she had become for her hereif, which was a state of the previous, and had determined to come down for her window.

"I hope you are not ceremonious, here," is headed. "I never took well in the city, this was not half provide enough for style, nor formal enough for style, nor formal enough for style.

## ZILLAH.

"Zillah," mid a low yelen.

A slow smile spread over the girl's face, and lifting her head from the messy stone where it had reside, she said, "I am not asleep, sir, I am only dreaming."

"Come and sit beside me on this rock, Zillah, and tell me of what you dream."

file arose immediately to obey, for, although no loager a little girl, she looked upon the young man before her as a weet.for, and such a part he had always taken with her,

y upon the young man before her as a meather, and such a part he had always taken with her.

It is in the part he had always taken with her.

It is into proper strain for expression, she said, "Traiy, mother, you know, is poor. We do not see much company, and have not many friends; but when I come down here. I forget it all; the sky is so very soft and blue, these little violets peep out so freshly from the grass; that willow droops over me tenderly, and then, there are the shadows of the rocks in the water, I think it must be like fairy land here, and I always sit down and build eastles, as you call it. Not grand and stately enes, but very pieasant and nice to dwell within, and my mother is always there surrounded by every luxury. Oh! I like to build my castles."

"Foolish little Zillah," said James Norton, "life is too earness to be wated in idle dreaming. Your mother, poor indeed; she thinks there is hardly another mother so rich, and her home is the happiest one," Yea," said Zillah, "we are nearly always

know."
"Yea," said Zillah, "we are nearly always
happy, and I do not mean to be ungrateful." "Yes," said Zillah, "we are nearly aways happy, and I do not mean to be ungrateful."
Then the young man helped Zillah over the board stile, and walked with her up the path leading to her mother's dwelling, telling her of a long journey he was to take, and of what he wished her to do when he was

path leading to her mother's dwelling, telling her of a long journey he was to take, and of what he wished her to do when he was away.

He was going to Europe to spend a long time, to cull golden fruit, which he should set in pictures of silver, to dwell upon in after life. And Zillah must be improving all this time. She must guard choicely her woman's nature; always be as tender in carring for her mother as now; and spend as much time at his own home as she could well spare, for he knew her visits there were welcome ones, and his parents would pass many lonely hours when he was gone.

"When I return to my native village I shall expect to find, you with a graver step, and a deeper shade of thought on your sunny face; but you will dream no more, little Zillah! Many duties and little cares will cause life to open before you with its living treasures. I shall find you living in the real on my return."

A few days after this, on a bright morning, when the flowers that sprang up around the doors of the village houses were looking fairer than ever in the dew and sunshine, James Norton started on his long journey. Each rumble of the heavy whoeled coach was taking him farther from the quiet village of Milton, and farther out into a world of which Zillah Whitford new nothing.

Two years passed away, and Zillah's quiet life had changed her little. She had gained growth, for she had read many good books in the time, and had tried to profit by the teachings of a careful mother. But the rose, at heart, retained its noft coloring and its rare perfume. So thought James Norton on his return from Eastern lands. Zillah was again thrown much in his society, and it was a companionship from which she gathered strength and happiness.

And so the winter wore on, and spring decked tree and ahrub with buds that promised green leaf and fresh blossom. And summer came, laden with flowers, and merry with song of bird and music of rill, and Zillah, it is budded and blossomed out into a new world of beauty and excellence.

"My normal and the

Eilish mid the must go better—it was get-ting late—also could not stay another minute. Fanny saised to go with her. "No."
"Would she let him ge?" James usked.
"Not she. She preferred to go alone."
Mr. Nortem said she could not object to his coort—it was growing dusk, and Zillah con-manted.

"Would she let him go?" James mined.

"Not she. She preferred to go alone. Mr. Nortem said she could not object to his escort—it was growing duck, and Zilish concented.

James threw a smarf of his mother's over her shoulders, and whispered. "What alls thee, even listle Zilish?" But she wunt on with Mr. Rorion, and made him no reply.

"Who ever knew the shild to be petitish before?" said Fanny.

Zillah did not sleep any that kight, but in the morning she arese as usual. She had formed a brave resolution. Her manner toward James and Fanny should be unchanged. Neither of them should guess her serve. Through all her pash this decision gave her triumph. She would suffer and be strong. At this moment, her mether come to her door, and said, "Fanny is hars," (no one knew when Fanny would look in upon them with her bright face). "She must see you, she says. She cannot wait mother moment."

Zillah's brave resolves proved but ignoble attempts. She dropped her fingers from the curl she was trimming. "I cash see you, she says. She cannot wait mother moment."

Zillah's brave resolves proved but ignoble attempts. She dropped her fingers from the curl she was trimming. "I cash see You, she said then the co on the pillow, and cried, heartily.

Fanny went back to unole Norton's, and said that Zillah was ill, and James came over to see if anything was needed. Zillah laughed when her mother brought her up a potion, and told her that James was there, and than she cried again, for very varation. She would not have the medicine, she was quite well, she said. And Mrs. Whitfurd told James that the never saw the shill are strangely.

Zillah and to herself, that "they were all trying her so. Could they not let her be?" And she stole down at he was quite well, she said. And Mrs. Whitfurd told James that the never saw the shill are so atrangely.

Zillah said to herself, that "they were all trying her so. The same should and nor-yous, this sease sunny morning, and wundering, restiessly about, he, at last, tock the path leading down to the w

she looked half nymph, half naiad, James Norton was sure.

He sprang over the fence, believing he should have to tell her something of this, when, startled at sight of him, the maiden hastened over the stile and ran in the direction of her home. She had not always fied from him in that way, and James was greatly puzzled for the cause. Soon she came back to him with downcast eyes and blushing face. "Would be excuse her? Bhe was startled, and—"

"He did not know," young Norton said. "She would have to be less shy of him. "Look up, cruel little maiden! I have held you especially dear since one day I found you dreaming on yonder rock. And now, when I am loving you more than I can tell, "Why thus do you fig me?"

'Why thus do you fly me?' Why thus do you try me?'"

"Why thus do you fly me?"

Why thus do you try me?"

Zillah was in a hurry now, but James Norton held both her hands fast in his.

"Have you no dear word to say, Zillah?"

"Yes, she-had-Fanny, 'Had she not heard her say last evening, 'When we are married, dear James?"

"The riddle was read," so seemed the lover's face to say, and his lips answered, 'Yes, she had heard it, he did not doubt. But he was not included in that see. He was not going to tell Fanny's secrets, she might tell them herself, as for hours she had been longing to do, he well knew."

Now, Zillah was in tears; sleeplessness and excitement had made her nervous. James, no longer repulsed, tried his skill in soothing. How long they sat in the shade of the hanging willow I know not, for in this sylvan retreat was no slave standing by his clepsydra to watch the hours.

When at last they separated at the door of her mother's dwelling, he whispered, "Foolish little Zillah, to be jealous of Cousin Fanny," and she retorted, "Wicked Fanny, to try me so."

Dinner was just over when Fanny opened the gate, and Zillah ran out to meet her, and they sat down in the shade of a locust.

"Ah, hem!" said Fanny, "never saw you looking better. Charming Zillah! Couldn't see me this morning, could you? Weren't able, were you? So Fanny must stand all day at the confessional, waiting for her priestess, who determines beforehand not to absolve.

"James did not tell me, he only said that he believe-! I might see you now, and lay of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TH

THE COLDEN CURL

## eathersley Grange;

MICHELES OF THE CHRISTIE CHART.

PER DEADY OF A MURDERED MAN.

In the control of the Eagle"

Alan's Reef, eas

the sin of having orders

the sin of having orders

the sin of having orders

and his triumph; and after

to me, and his triumph; and after

along the narrow inland path which we
have described before, and made the best of
his way towards the little inn where he had

remained since his expulsion from Heathers,
ley Grange.

Meanwhile, Hugh Hatterick pursued his
path towards his lined; home. His heart was

moment he had not cared to read the diary

which the murder of the old sexton had
placed in his way. He felt in his inimost
heart that the pages he see carneedly and
aggrely sought to discover would prove but a
consummation of those terrible allusions

which the sexton had made to him upon his
bed of sickness. As the old man had sat
there in the glow of the lightning, reading
by the light of his graveyard lantern, there
was something truthful that in his inmost heart
he had breathed and turned faint.

He had, however, until now, endeavoored to
ugh at the whole matter. He had chosen to
ugard it only as a scheme to work universe, but this ingith, he reseat
the truth. So, when

u, and had been

"An missing hy had been

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the land however, and made the horse
the truth. So, when

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The bandord must been quasile bearing the passage of the policy of the p

dame hanks of clouds, and showed how tergity dark the other portions of the rocks and the long, rolling meadows and the ocean were.

So Hugh Hatterick crawled after the victims is had marked out. He never thought how the roughty Richard Languton susterands him never slayed to think how every sense of the Hatrachaw would be taxed to preserve his after.

He had crayst and crawled along until he medet within a yard of his victim, when the Haful maces hard out from bohind a doubt while a yard of his victim, when the Haful maces hard out from bohind a doubt, and the wild shriek of a sea bird hugh out upon the night air.

The heir-slaw brand round, as if startled trend a deep reverte.

"Hat I he cried, tharting book, "ha! I may be a wary many along the cliff is, I suppose, open to all."

"I do not understand you," said Hatterist, with a swanger, "for what?"

"For you."

"I do not understand you," said Hatterist, with a swanger, "for what?"

"For you."

"I do not understand you," said Hatterist, with a swanger, "for what?"

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"For you."

"I do not understand you," said Hatterist, with a swanger, "for what?"

"For you."

"I do not understand you," said Hatterist, with a swanger, "for what?"

"To many had the hard langue.

"I can sonther co-assion to precede you on any journey along it. It may be a very safe and piasanan highread for some, but I do not, nevertheless, choose to follow it. Precede me, my good friend Hugh, and we will pass along together through the darkness: otherwise I must be under the painful insensity of placing a builet through your head.

"Hagh Hatterick langued loudly, as if the dona answer of it, said the shard is the straightforwardly by me, and its dath the straightforwardly by me, and its dath the straight of the same placed before you pretty extraightforwardly by me, and its dath the straight of the same placed before you may be used to take the affair as a maiter for answer in the same placed before your way for

the had trembled and turned faint.

He had, however, until now, endeavored to laugh at the whole matter. He had chosen to regard it only on a scheme to work upon his nerves, but this might, he resolved to know all the truth. So, when he arrived at the farm, and had been let in by the old house-keeper, and had secretained that he was abuse, he drew from a private drawer the fatal packet of papers, and began to read.

Dating from the point where the action had commenced his reading to lingh Hatterick when the desperate wreckur was in bed, it was merely the old story, a life of hardship and terrible privation—a life too common to be commented much upon—and them as uscape into more civilized quarters.

And thus ran the disary (condensed so that only readers may have its meaning fully, and not be compelled to wade through un mesosury matter?)

"What would my brother, Hugh Hatterick link of me now, I don't know, for I had more least a month of the house of the condensed in the best of me now, I don't know, for I had more least and the second of the condensed in the second of the condensed in the second of the condensed in the condensed in the condensed in the condensed in the resolution of the condensed in the resolution of the condensed in the condensed in the resolution of the condensed in the resolution of the condensed in the colors, the is a monkey than a man. Dressed as I may be the white seritement of wares and I have been invited to remain."

"Man was I am invested in the colors, and the series gift in the colors."

"The mortgage deeds of your property."

"The mortgage deeds of your property."

"They may be now," said Henry: saked fits Digity, in complete wonderness.

"At the dairy wont on, revealing incomplete wonderness."

"They may be now," and Henry: saked fits one of the colors, whe law is a perfect with the law of the bears of the colors,

"Then the name of the thief is overselved."

"It is," replied Henry Heathersley, "no other than Bichard Langton."

The Baroast eighted. "Well, well," he maid, it mesters not. For the sake of my diskines I might have been tempted; but no. Barow was the houser of the Heathersleys was posted, and moor doll it be. The man has get his own; it is bine heap it."

"There is not much fine, on that every," and Baray Restlemby; "he would rather has be the the than these dissembles. But one

baroust, who stood proudly and defauitly beore his encession.

"Let them do their duty, my non," he
eried; "it is my wish—my order that you
do on. These gentlemes have entered my
house in a mistale, which the hing, their meater, will rectify. But tell me," he mid, putting saids the gentle being whose become had
beat in terrible fear against his breast, "why
are you here?"

the large of the state of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the makes the form of my be a seried of makes the form of my be a seried of makes the makes the my be a seried of makes the makes the my be a seried of makes the my different to the my be a seried of makes the my different to the my be a seried of makes the makes the my different to the my be a seried of makes the makes the my different to the my be a seried of makes the makes the my different to the my be a seried of makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the my different to the my different to the my different to the makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the makes the my different to the makes the makes the makes the my different to the makes the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SETTING WITH STATES AND ADDRESS OF THE WEST.

SETTING WITH STATES AND ADDRESS OF THE W



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## WIT AND HUMOR

heat."
"Hey! What! What's that you my.
liency! money for Bosho B. Here! well,
we-dl, the fast is they do sail we Roshe,
mnetimes; come in! come in! this is the
place to leave it."

A young miniman, on the important ocea-sis of making her little boy his first pair of fermion, concerved the idea that it would be two conceived the asks them of the same final times and the same of the same final times to be same of the same that the same of the same of the same times are same of the same of the same times are same of the same of

## Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. G.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

BT CAPTAIN CARNES.

and I had had a falling out, of recent date, and she was one of those high-spirited girls who never strike their colors.

We had been having one of our evening discussions some time previous, and in comparing the relative characteristics of the two senses. I had purposely opposed her put theories. From a more deculsory conversation, it wanted into a vigorous discussion. I had be claimed the owner attributes of patients, purity, and constancy, quite entirely for her set. I gave man the characteristics of genius, persistency, and strength of character.

There where a desses of an present—for there were settlers enough to our near vicinity to give us needed to the country sometimes gets quite intelligent people strengths over its surface.

To ver her estil farther, I averred my opinion that women were a mass of centimentality, imprompts shricks and vaccellation.

I had gone too far. With a flash of secons

opinion that women were a mass of centimontality, imprompts shrishs and vaccillation.

I had gone too far. With a flash of seorn
from her eyes, and a heightened color, she
arese, and crossing to the other side of the
room she was seen engaged in an earnest
conversation with some old hadion.

The storm had not blown over. More burst
at her anger than I would confuen, I would
gladly have begged her pardon, but her
manner repulsed all overtures of reconciliation. Once, when I had accidentally caught
bold of her hand, and pressed it with the hope
of receiving the sky glance of her eye, as
formerly, she just twisted her hand codity
from mine, and turned cave with uverted
gone.

Now you know just our social atmosphere
when fate, that winter morning, doctded
that we should take the long rish together.

After my first remark, I did not venture
to make another for some time; and when I
did again easy to open a conversation, it
was with one an affort that the acidly remarked—

"De not treable yourself, Mr. Rolf; the
ride in sufficiently delightful without converments."

The next line of the problem of the



my uncle's, and I breating the storm some.
We came to a belt of woodland, just ten
miles of our journey through; nearly twenty
more before us. Heaven! it seemed like a
voyage scross the world. And the swfuliest
fear fugging at my heart.

A white gloom was let down from heaven
all around us. On end on. I did not speak
to the mare, nor whip her; there was no
nead. On end on. I did not speak
to the mare, nor whip her; there was no
her tail streassing in over the funder of the
cheigh.

Another hour passed, and the light unow
was some distance above the remover, and
driving obliquely across our laps in blinding,
mothering thickness.

"Are you cold?" I asked, drawing her
closer to bee.

"Nothing to speak of," she cheerfully repited, yet I felt a strong shudder shake her
from head to foot.

A half hour more and the sleigh pitched
comaiderably, nithough I hald a tight rein.

"Rolf," and again I felt her shudder,
"the wind close not strike us just as it did.
Har wales did not tresmbe. "We did no
pitch so this morning—it is rough. Have
we loat the road?"

"My Godt yos have wended my thoughts:"
I ojaculated, while an icy porspiration comed
from every pore of my body.

Bis shuddered again.

I knot treat to her instinct. In twenty
unautes she had eveng nituouid ac note bring
the wind on the old quarter with us. It was
habit so hardly—she knew kather than F. I
must treat to her instinct. In twenty
unautes she had swung nituouid ac note bring
the wind on the old quarter with us. It was
habit so hardly—she knew kather than F. I
must treat to her instinct. In twenty
unautes she had swung situouid ac note bring
the wind on the old quarter with us. It was
habit so hardly—she knew hather than F. I
must treat to her instinct. In twenty
unautes of mer in an agentised close.

A welf shudder shoot two, and I came
near crying aloud. Another melanchely
ery. I wenth have drawn the blanchet about
har head.

"I hear it, "she outly whispored. I draw
her down in a squartime of the belie was changed to oven
stream. The had of the to the m

To Couvergapervoins,—All manuscripies sond to imshould have the price marked upon those if any is dedirect. Writene of no library regardation schoold be arbitral and the control of the control of the congraphy their blance and gain in name. We do not grants—
is the nais return of manuscrips, but emboved to
return it missely when classical, and water the realson the nais return of manuscrips, but emboved to
return it missely when classical, and water the resulting
companies of control. Artiface and the great Experiment
and popular writers will find it ever ready to give
their articles present attention.

Authors Function (Choles City Roads, Va.) welfer:

"The assent practical safeties yett give in year coursependent's columns, has indicated not course to yet in
any present cases of treatile. I can a young girl of
eighbon. There years age there came to one city a
possing machanie, with whom I because as equivalent
investing my takes, and who called very cities at our
house, and someoid to filte me very much. At the
same filter I had, than there well, I think's a young gasthemse, from the last, the has two will not think a
great dead of him. But he is very wife and has no
regular business. He may gued to me, and I tolk a
great dead of him. But he is very wife and has no
regular business. He may gued to me, and I tolk a
great dead of him. But he is very wife and has no
regular business. He are any matter permission to
write the new deads of the library is
at an engagement. We will be to be in the
house rised has never mentioned magnings to me,
with it like him every and this is being it has
him I happe you will not three the to be in the
him I happe you will not three the noise, but of
him I happe you will not three the noise, but of
him I than young the this poon,
and might verd of the processor and a
like the this of the transfer men."

" How happy could I be with either, Ware Cuther dear charmer away."

The state of the s

Loss Cars.—Three pounds of floor, a half parties that meaning conversing the early no of corrieges are with two shorts are the pound of the control of the c

## RIBBLER

With regard to my finel, it common has That it is without makey or princ; with it, measures, so showy our field, That it commonly aught to be able.

My post is a pli which is moreov and deep;
For vanture like depote to explore
for the like the large and deleter in large
Although the supply may restore.

The finish and the wanty may being, And include that which Matter They may dwell us the days, of I have so think; New mask days thay would be